

# Peace By Piece

## Quicksilver Messenger Service

Well, it's daytime over here, it's nighttime over there, like a daytime and a nighttime, oh yeah  
It's just like somebody bending down, whispering in your ear, it's like daytime and a nighttime, oh yeah  
Called peace by piece, peace by piece, peace by piece, peace by piece  
Peace by piece, peace by piece, peace by piece, peace by piece

I was born and raised in the U.S.A., I got the red, white, and blues, I cut my driver teeth in the Chevrolet  
Wearing a black brothers shoes, patented in Berkeley and sugar red, baby in my neighborhood  
A G. I. Joe in the yesterday, and a boy named Johnny B. Goode  
A sweet potato pie and a teenage queen, a both on the flow  
Be a radio and an M-16, and flipping on rock n' roll  
It's daytime over here, it's nighttime over there, it's like a daytime and a nighttime, oh yeah  
And it's like somebody bending down, whispering in your ear  
It's like daytime and nighttime, oh yeah

It's time to take a breath in the middle of the race, somebody tries to sell you something  
They say it's next to the best man give me a break, the best is next to nothing  
When the line in the lamb laid down together, I know the main stand will be gone forever  
But until that time when the rapture comes, piece of mind, better wear your gun  
The mothers and the brothers that you're beating on the street, they are looking at you, like you are something to eat  
And ever where you look it's the same thing, everybody looking just to get off hard  
Something, you got to get off life, that's the main thing, anybody asking you what you're doing when you don't know  
But your dream, and your rank, and your still not coming by, when the medicine comes  
You better get your piece, cause you gotta to have a piece just to get some  
Peace is the last of the ammo stash, that's the only way you are ever going to make it last  
It's called peace by piece, peace by piece  
Peace by piece, peace by piece, peace by piece, peace by piece

Playing on your guitar, fighting in the real war, everybody wants to be a player or a superstar  
Spinning on your back, dancing on your knees, you gets no slack from the Red Chinese  
You're dancing in the streets just to ease your mind, while Cuba is dancing on your behind  
Living in Russia, oh my Lord, you gets no Social Security Card  
You gets no Welfare, you gets no Food Stamps, you gets no barbeque, you gets no cash  
There's no fried chicken when you're living in the work camp, you gets no parts of feminine ass  
Say what? I said, you gets no bail, you gets no more laughter in the Communist jail  
You gets no woman, you gets no chance, you gets no mercy, you gets no breakdance

It's just like somebody bending down, whispering in your ear, it's like daytime and nighttime, oh yeah  
Like daytime over here, it's nighttime over there, it's like daytime and nighttime, oh yeah  
It's just like somebody bending down, whispering in your ear, daytime, nighttime, oh yeah

You dance on your toes, you stand on your head, you run your mouth, until you're dead  
Sell your mama's fat behind, then wrap your mind, till you're blind  
Funky till the angels sing, cause sex and violence is my thang  
I don't give a damn if you change your name, when you're buried in the ground everybody's the same  
Shoot on me, shoot all night, I can do it in one shot when the timing is right  
You can do the camel walk, you can pick the grid, you can boogie your woogie till your head caves in  
You can work the mojo till your toenails curl, and be the baddest man ever in the civilized world  
There's a finger on the trigger, somebody's going to pull it  
Be a honky or a nigger who can rap away a bullet  
When the time is right, you're going to hear the man say, you already heard the meat that you got to pay  
You can pay with your money, you can pay with your life, you can pay with your momma, you can pay with your wife  
Better flash your cash, with respect, cause a hard panic weapon don't set no check  
But tighten up your set, clean up the machine, happiness is a fully loaded magazine  
I got six fingers on my left hand, I'm gonna be the president's right hand man  
Every fine man needs a CNI, I know he's gonna call me, I can read his mind  
I'm a worm, baby, I'm a wolf in a flock of sheep, I'm a mutated string, you can cut me and I just don't bleed  
You can cram the jam, snap the rap, you can lay off the minority welfare crap  
This ain't no job that your eyes be seeing, but the nuclear war is a state of being, called peace by piece

It's a P.E.A.C.E. by a P.I.E.C.E.

P.E.A.C.E. by a P.I.E.C.E.

P.E.A.C.E. by P.I.E.C.E.

P.E.A.C.E. by a P.I.E.C.E.

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